

The Night-Mare Project

A photograph of a white horse lying on a bed with patterned pillows. The horse is facing away from the camera, looking towards a window with curtains. A lamp with a white base and a yellow shade is visible on a nightstand to the right. The room has orange walls and a wooden headboard.

Anonymous Story One

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I must have been 10 or 11? I was with my mom visiting a friend of hers in the California Mountains / gold rush area. It was a wooded place and always in the high 90's during the summer and impossibly bright. After falling asleep I awoke after a few hours. My eyes opened but I couldn't move. It must have been around 5:30 am. It was that weird none time of the early morning. Still dark but daylight hadn't broken yet. Frozen on the bed I faced toward the door which had somehow opened. A strange greenish yellow light was illuminating the hallways as it got brighter and closer the room begin to fill with the glow. I could not see the source of the light but I was completely terrified and thought I would never get out of this state. Just as it seemed it would go on for way too long, I awoke and was able to move. It was morning and the room was filled in with the sunlight. I had a hard time focusing or eating all day.